

花田醒得比我早

花田醒得比我早。我六点到的时候，蜜蜂已经在里头忙了，嗡嗡的声音不响，像一层薄雾垫在脚下。我是被这声音叫醒的。屋里还黑着，我披了外套出门，顺着田埂往村后走，露水打湿了鞋面，也没回去换。

蹲下来看那一朵油菜花。露水在花瓣上聚成一颗，滚来滚去，就是不落，花瓣托着它，微微往下弯，弯到一个角度，水珠滑进花心，花瓣轻轻弹了一下，像松了一口气。这样的动作我看了十几遍，每一遍都一样，每一遍都新鲜。花瓣上的露水凉，风一过，整片田的叶子翻出背面，银了一下又绿回去。

蜜蜂比我想象中忙。它钻进花里，后腿已经挂了两团黄，还要再挤进去，身子一耸一耸。有两只撞在一起，也不打架，各自歪开，各找各的花。它们不挑，这一朵开了就采这一朵，采完就飞下一朵，从不回头看。我跟着它们的路线走，才发现这片田里花有先后，靠沟的那一排先开，坡上的还含着，蜜蜂把先开的这几排来回梳了三遍，梳出一条看不见的路线。

走到田埂尽头，我看见了远处。河对岸的坡上，一整片黄从水边烧到坡顶，中间夹着几行白的，是梨树。那个黄不是颜色，是声音，是几万朵花一起在那里开着，风过去，它们就一起晃。我站在那里，忽然想不起自己是为什么走出来的。作业、考试、昨天没说完的话，都退到很远的地方，像对岸的坡，看得见，但不吵我。

回去的时候太阳刚出来，露水开始一颗一颗不见。蜜蜂没停，花也没停。它们天亮前就把该做的事做完了大半，人还在梦里。我走在回去的村路上，鞋上的泥干了，心里那种胀的东西平了。春天不解释什么，它只是开，露水和蜜蜂都替它作证。我空着手回去，又好像领了什么。

The Flower Field Woke Up Before I Did

The flower field woke up before I did. When I arrived at six, the bees were already busy inside, their humming not loud, like a thin mist laid under my feet. I had been woken by that sound. The house was still dark. I threw on a jacket and walked out along the ridge path behind the village. Dew soaked my shoes, and I did not go back to change.

I squatted to look at one rapeseed flower. Dew gathered into a single bead on the petal, rolling back and forth, refusing to fall. The petal held it, bending slightly down, and at a certain angle the bead slid into the heart of the flower and the petal flickered softly, like a sigh of relief. I watched this happen more than a dozen times. Every time it was the same, and every time it was new. The dew on the petals was cold. When wind passed, the whole field turned its leaves over, flashed silver, then went green again.

The bees were busier than I had imagined. One dove into a flower, two balls of yellow already hanging on its hind legs, squeezing in anyway, its body heaving up and

down. Two bumped into each other, did not fight, each veered off to its own flower. They do not choose sides. This one open, they take this one, then fly to the next, never looking back. Following their route, I realized the flowers in this field open in shifts. The row along the ditch opened first; the ones on the slope still held closed. The bees combing back and forth over the first few rows had drawn an invisible map.

At the end of the ridge path, I saw the distance. On the slope across the river, a whole sheet of yellow burned from the water up to the top, with a few rows of white in the middle, the pear trees. That yellow was not a color. It was a sound, tens of thousands of flowers opening there together, swaying as one when the wind passed. I stood there and suddenly could not remember why I had walked out. Homework, exams, the words left unfinished yesterday, all retreated far away, like the slope across the river, visible but not disturbing me.

On the way back the sun had just risen, and the dew was disappearing bead by bead. The bees had not stopped, and neither had the flowers. They had finished most of their work before daylight while people were still dreaming. Walking home on the village road, the mud on my shoes drying, the swollen thing inside me settled. Spring explains nothing. It simply blooms, and the dew and the bees stand witness. I went back empty-handed, yet as if I had received something.